

THE GRAMA

Vol. 55, No. 2 BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE Wed., Aug. 13, 1980

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Event	Who	Subject	When	Where
Lecture	R. Pack	"Lyric Narrative: The Chameleon Poet"	9:00	Little Theatre
Lecture	T. O'Brien	"Moral Philosophy and Drama"	10:10	Little Theatre
Lecture	N. Willard	"Truths the Devil Told Me: Poems and Parables"	11:20	Little Theatre
Lecture	M. Bell	"What the Hell Is Free Verse?"	2:00	Little Theatre
Readings	S. Orlen M. Morris S. Tapscott	(poetry) (fiction) (poetry)	4:15	Little Theatre
Reading	S. Elkin	(fiction)	8:15	Little Theatre

"So, God said, 'what do you make of Me, eh? What do you make of Me now you understand that finally it takes two to break a contract as well as to make one? What do you make of Me Who could have gotten it all right the first time, saved everyone trouble and left Hell unstocked? Do you love Me? Do you forgive and forget as easily as I do? Do you?"

Mother Mary peeked at the fluted piping of His nimbus, the sacred, secret rim, like icing on pastry, where the helix tucked into His golden head. She held her belly in her hands and hoped this one would be a girl.

"Do you?"

"Yes," they cried. "Yes!"

"Why do I do it then? Why?"

"So we might choose," said one of the saved.

"What? Speak up."

"So we might choose."

"Never," God thundered. "What do I care for the sanctity of your will? Never!"

"Goodness," a saint shouted. "You get off on goodness."

"On goodness? Me?" God laughed. "On goodness? Is that what you think? Were you born yesterday? You've been in the world. Is that how you explain trial and error, history by increment, God's long Slap and Tickle, His Indian-gift wrath? Goodness? No. It was Art! It was always Art. I work by the contrasts and metrics, by beats and the silences. It was all Art. Because it makes a better story is why.

from The Living End: The State of the Art
by Stanley Elkin

COMING ATTRACTIONS:

The Crumb's well placed informant on the Sociability Staff (meaning she is high up within an already buoyant group) offers the following:

HAPPY HOUR: Reception tomorrow (Thurs.) evening on the west lawn by the inn at 5:00. Punch with vodka and punch without. Come and mingle with your new-found cohorts. If it rains, go to the barn.

The First Annual Bread Loaf Runs, five- and ten-kilometer races, are scheduled for the morning of Sunday, August 17. Winners will receive B.L.T-Shirts, which are guaranteed to confound future race opponents who, as every schoolboy knows, assume that writers are sedentary, that they sit at desks and typewriters most of their days, and that their evenings are spent in debauchery. We all know better.

Also Sunday: To aid the recovery of runners and active spectators, the Point Counter Point Musicians will present a program of chamber music at 4:15. Details of both events will appear here later.

SUB-CULTURES: At past conferences, some natural sub-groups (such as non-fiction writers or writers of children's literature) have organized meetings outside the regular schedule in order to discuss mutual concerns. You are free to use the bulletin boards to organize such meetings. We do ask that such meetings avoid conflict with the regular conference schedule.

OVERHEARD AMONG WAITERS: "And when I told my boss in San Francisco that using my two weeks' vacation to wait tables in Vermont was an honor and a privilege...."

SLICE OF BREAD LOAF LIFE:

A: What kind of writing do you do?

B: I've nearly completed the revision of a book about late 17th century Massachusetts and the dramatic interplay of its characters: a possessed Puritan cleric; his housekeeper, a witch; a freed Jamaican slave; a pair of identical twins--both de-frocked Catholic priests; and the spirit of a Dutch maiden.

A: Have you been writing gothic fiction for long?

B: No, I'm in non-fiction.

FIRST LITERARY COMPETITION OF THE SEASON:

For the Best Last Line of a First-Person Narrative: "...and then I killed myself."

NOTICE: The men's wet tee-shirt competition has been postponed due to rain.

THE

GRAND

Vol. 55, No. 3

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Thurs., Aug. 14, 1980

*CALLS FOR OPEN CONFERENCE
story on page 2*

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Event	Who	Subject	When	Where
Lecture	S. Epstein	"Creative Postures in First & Third Persons"	9:00	Little Theatre
Lecture	L. Pastan	"Poetry and Politics"	10:10	Little Theatre
Lecture	M. Arlen	"The Bridge Between 19th Century Sports and 20th Century Non-fiction; or, You Are What You Eat!"	11:20	Little Theatre
Discussion Groups	Staff		2:00	(Locations posted on bulletin board by bookstore in Inn)*
Readings	B. Reiss S. Wood A. Clancy	(fiction) (poetry) (fiction)	4:15	Little Theatre
Reading	M. Bell	(poetry)	3:15	Little Theatre

* IMPORTANT: Discussion Group assignments and locations are posted on the bulletin board outside the bookstore.
Manuscript assignments are posted on the bulletin board outside the dining room.

SPENSER, CHAUCER, DRYDEN, JOHNSON,
BROWNING, TENNYSON, DICKENS, HARDY
AND KIPLING

Ladies and gentlemen,
the English language
holds in the hearts of
each of you a place
where the poets lie buried
in a musty community.
Here is that place.

Think not of Shakespeare!
He's off by himself.
That's what he gets
for a girl at Court
and a wife in the suburbs,
and talking so common.
He had to go home.

London's no bargain
for those who remain.
We came in the rain
and left it to rain,
Madame's wax faces
perfect and the Commonwealth
compounding ruin.

Don't anybody bury
Whitman and Williams,
and seven as American
in one stony Corner,--
and the rest of us neither.
Death is no anthology,
or a cough in the audience.

We all know how many times
a critic reads a book:
less than once. So if we
have to be buried alive,
let those who always know better
look for us one at a time
in the ground gone over.

by Marvin Bell

CALL FOR OPEN CONFERENCE

After receiving a mysterious late-night telephone call, Crumb personnel found the following letter taped to the bottom of a typewriter. It is Crumb policy to print opposing views of responsible individuals and organizations.

To the Editor:

A grass-roots movement is afoot to declare an "open" writers' conference at Bread Loaf. To those of us who are spearheading the movement, this has been no easy decision. We believed in the bright promise of Robert Pack and have worked hard to support his administration. But many questions have arisen over the past months. Questions such as, "What's a dactyl?" and "How do you think up all those metaphors and similes, anyway?" Accordingly, the proponents of an "open" writers' conference are urging that Robert Pack make the statesmanlike gesture of releasing his fellowgates (not to mention his scholargates and contributorsgates) to support the candidates of their choice. After all, every thinking person realizes that New Hampshire is a long, long way away.

We who believe in an "open" conference are loyal to the principles of our great party. (In fact, if Pack had managed to produce a few great parties, he might not be in this mess.) Unfortunately, Pack has acted without rhyme or reason in failing to place party interests first. All of us are aware that Robert Pack is not his Administrative Director's keeper; nevertheless, the continuing front-page exploits of Stanley Bates have been a major liability to Pack's political base. Put bluntly, Bates is a hell-raiser and a wild and crazy guy. While his antics may make amusing copy for the media, those of us who are concerned for the conference's viability wince at his every public utterance: "When you've seen one waitroid, you've seen 'em all" certainly does not reflect the Bread Loaf policy on minority groups. Worse still is Bates's recently disclosed practice of accepting 10 percent of every Bread Loaf faculty member's royalties--without bothering to register as an agent. This of course has earned him the nickname, in the press, of "re-Bates." Is this the image we want for the most powerful free writers' conference in the world?

An open conference is the only answer.

(signed but name withheld)

COMING DISTRACTIONS: A Bread Loaf, A Bowl of Punch, and Thee: Don't forget the reception on the west lawn tonight at 5:00. Punch for the brave and punch for the wise available. Get thee to the barn if it's raining.

Liquor Run: Friday two members of the staff will be in the Blue Parlor to take your orders for a trip to the Vermont liquor store. Price lists will be available for your consultation; CASH ONLY. Place your order immediately after lunch. (This will be the first of three such forays.)

Join us for cocktails Friday evening at five o'clock on the library porch (behind the little theatre). Bring only yourselves; we supply the libations (both hard and soft). Barn if raining.

That's Entertainment: Friday night a movie will be shown in the Little Theatre after the evening reading (approximately 9:45). Title and substance remain mysteries but well-placed sources have narrowed the possibilities to "North by Northwest" or Adam's Rib."

NOTICES: Any staff members who have had handouts run off in the office for use in discussion groups should pick them up (or have one from your group do so).

Staff and fellow pictures will be taken at Treman at 12:30 (sharp!) today. Pictures of waitroids will be taken on the Inn's front porch immediately after lunch. Rain date for both is Friday. Pictures are available by order, prepaid, \$3.00 per photo. Sign up for these 8½ x 11-inch glossies in the office.

Three of the scholars in poetry--Andrew Hudgins, James Paul, and David Schloss--will read their work tonight at ten o'clock in Barn 1. The reading will end at 11:00.

Speak up, Bread Loaf! Biographers, autobiographers, and other singers of the truth about real people are invited to join together this afternoon at 5:15 for wine and conversation in the blue parlor.

LATE ADDITION: Maria Guarnaschelli, an editor with William Morrow, will be in Barn 1 today at 3:30 for informal discussions with any interested Bread Loafers.

Gustave Flaubert: "Writing is a dog's life, but the only life worth living."

Byron Bridgman: "Only dogs lead a dog's life--I only get to lie on Treman's porch."

THE

GALLOP

Vol. 55, No. 4

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Fri., Aug. 15, 1980

SPECIAL NOTICE: Beware extended excursions in the surrounding wilderness! Nurse Joyce Renwick reports an outbreak of bucolic plague.

o *PACK ADMINISTRATION
ROCKED BY NEW SCANDAL*
o *"RE-BATES" REELING*
stories on page 2

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Event	Who	Subject	When	Where
Lecture	H. Wolitzer	"Knock knock; who's there? (The arrival of fictional characters)"	9:00	Little Theatre
Lecture	S. Plumly	"Dirty Silence"	10:10	Little Theatre
Panel Discussion	D. Hadas E. Mansfield	(teaching writing)	11:20	Little Theatre
Informal Discussion	E. Schnurr	(see below)	2:00	Barn 1
Guest Lecture	M. Curtis	(see below)	3:10	Little Theatre
Readings	P. Hadas J. Bowden W. Davis	(poetry) (fiction) (poetry)	4:15	Little Theatre
Reading	G. Godwin	(fiction)	8:15	Little Theatre

SCHEDULE CHANGE: Literary agent Jean Naggar, originally scheduled to speak today at 2:00, will instead speak tomorrow at 11:20.

GUESTS: Eileen Schnurr, an editor with Redbook, will be available for informal discussion and for answering your many questions--as scheduled above. Michael Curtis, an editor for the Atlantic Monthly Press, will deliver a lecture and will entertain questions--as scheduled above.

Were women by nature more faithful than men? "Why didn't you marry again?" she had asked Edith. "Oh! It was out of the question," her grandmother replied. "Hans once told me that if I married after he died, he would sit on the foot of our bed and laugh." Edith's standards of faithfulness applied right to the end of her own widowhood. Jane's mother's case haunted her even more. Ever since college, Kitty had loved a man and he had loved her. But a jealous god was plotting their chapters. She missed a promised phone call and thought he didn't love her and married someone else, because war was breathing down everybody's neck. Her lover enlisted and got engaged the week her husband's ship sank. They were to meet the night his ship sailed, but she was out pushing her daughter Jane in her stroller, missed his telegram, and the other woman got there first and got a daughter of her own. They snatched wartime meetings, on his leaves. Both believed in marital fidelity, so they only wept into each other's arms and kissed. He was married, with a child, but considered divorce. But when he came home from the war, his wife got pregnant again.

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Meanwhile Kitty, a pretty young widow wearing Navy wings pinned to her suit, taught Romantic Poetry to a classful of ex-G.I.'s, and Ray Sparks wrote at the end of his exam book: "I have met my Belle Dame sans Merci."

from The Odd Woman
by Gail Godwin

CANDY'S-DANDY-BUT-LIQUOR'S-QUICKER-DEP'T: Booze run today after lunch. Queue up in the Blue Parlor where members of the staff will be waiting to take your bottle orders. Price lists from Vermont liquor store will be available for your perusal. Remember: CASH ONLY. Distribution will take place immediately after dinner in the Blue Parlor.

EVEN EDUCATED FLEAS DO IT: Don't forget the cocktail party tonight at 5:00 by the Library porch behind the Little Theatre. Soft drinks will also be served--but who ever heard of a soda-pop party? Bring only yourselves--you are a guest of the conference. Non-literary topics permitted and even encouraged. And come to the barn if it rains.

JUKE-BOX SATURDAY NIGHT: There will be a dance in the barn tomorrow night following the evening reading. Beer and soda will be served; music from Benny Goodman to Blondie --at your request, no less. Attendance in years past has been exceedingly high; don't miss your chance to hoof the night away.

MOVIE TONIGHT shortly after evening reading in the Little Theatre. Whether it will be the sexual sparring of Tracy and Hepburn in Adam's Rib or Cary Grant playing hide-and-seek with a persistent airplane in North by Northwest remains to be seen.

A LITTLE AFTERNOON MUSIC: Bach, Telemann, and Schubert will be the fare offered Sunday at 4:15 by the Point Counter Point Chamber Players in the Little Theatre. This excellent group of musicians from the chamber music camp of the same name includes members of the faculty at Oberlin Conservatory, Juilliard, and Middlebury College. This will be their last concert of the season and they are performing it here especially for the benefit of Bread Loafers. A don't-miss affair; check the various bulletinsboards for details.

WRITERS WHO ARE ALSO READERS: The office bookstore usually adheres to the hours posted on its door and published in Crumb No. 1; however, both the manager and assistant manager are Conference members too, and so will close the store on Saturday to attend the second session of the discussion groups.

Don't forget that we have a rather good library here at B.L. (at least more than most people can read in the Conference's small measure of spare time). Publications of the staff are on stock--as are those of other notable writers of the past few centuries. Besides, librarian Betsy Sachs that more warm bodies are needed to help heat the place.

STANLEYCATE COMES UNHINGED: New Shocks Rock Mountain Community

The already faltering administration of Bread Loaf director Robert Pack was further shaken yesterday by a trio of still new revelations of scandal in the Bread Loaf upper crust. The day's developments seem to have been precipitated by a letter appearin in yesterday's Crumb in which a strong call was made for an "open" conference.

The first was an emotional response by B.L. Administrative Director Stanley Bates whose strident denunciations of The Crumb (see p. 3) belie a fundamental paranoia, a basic ruthlessness. Hushed conversation in the sanctum sanctorum of Bread Loaf Inn was spiked with threats of violence to Crumb personnel: "deep-sixing" and "letting them twist slowly in the wind" were the frequent utterances.

The second shocker consisted of the rapid-fire succession of assertions, denials, and confessions by the Administration regarding Bates's function as an agent of the deposed dictator and hack poet Idi Amin. The first dawn witnessed the appearance of press secretary Carol Knauss, who released the following statement on behalf of Pack: "Nuts!" she redd to the tense gathering of media personalities in the Blue Parlor. Pack himself appeared in the same charged atmosphere to elaborate: "I plan to strip the husk of confusion from the kernel of truth in this matter," Pack said. "Shucks, I have nothing to hide."

But by evening, Administration sources would offer reporters only the promise of a "forthcoming communication" from Bates's office, which would "delineate the parameters of the circumstances at this point in time." However, the typed letter, signed by Bates and finally released by Pack's office, contained a mysterious 18½-character gap in one line. Carol Knauss was quickly produced to explain how, in stretching across her typewriter to uncover and verify an inquirer's manuscript assignment, she must have accidentally hit the automatic X, whereby a portion of the text was obliterated.

Yesterday's final shock came in the form of a strange tale. Blue Argo--former waitroid, winner of the 1979 most-conspicuous-name contest, and now known as the Cherry Hall Cherrybomb--was exposed as the secret amour of a certain T. Bear when the latter's bare brown ears glimpsed by a roving reporter to stick out from Blue's bedsheets. Ms. Argo,

(Continued from page 2)

now an office assistant to the B.L. Administration, was unavailable for comment. Pack campaign manager Bruce Porell simply stated, "I don't know what Blue's been up to. Frankly, I'm not much of a Blue man right now."

By late night, several questions remained unanswered: Has Idi Amin been able to exert unreasonable influence on the Pack Administration? Will next year's roster show a Blue Bear? Will Howard Nemerov continue to ask, "What did Pack know and when did he know it?" Can Blue learn the lesson of John Gardner's Bestiary and bow low? Will Pack act quickly to end this grizzly business or will he continue to pander to the Georgia mafia? Will the local judiciary consider her case just another kink of authors in their Yankee courts?

BATES DEFENDS UGANDAN-LIBYAN CONNECTION

To the Editor:

Those misguided media members seeking to promote the so-called "open" conference have shown their real aim in the letter you published. They seek what Lloyd-George said the press always seeks: "Power without responsibility--the prerogative of the harlot through the ages." I have registered with the Ripton Post Office as an agent of Idi Amin and I have never concealed the fact that I am the sole owner of Vanitas Press. We discriminate among potential authors only on the grounds of financial liquidity. The real question is who is the "nattering nabob of negativism." Let me suggest a clue. Is there a husband at this conference who insists on ~~being served meals by his wife~~ (sic) being served meals by his wife? If the shoe fits, let the chips fall where they may.

The Administrative Director

LOST: One collapsable black umbrella has disappeared from the Blue Parlor. Please return to front desk.

LOST: Much sleep, a little weight, and a modicum of ego. If found, keep to yourself.

THANKS, BUT...

The Crumb is unable to accept the literary compositions of Bread Loafers for publication in these pages. What does appear here may be inferior to your offerings but with a staff of one the editing is simple. With a staff of 250, there could be no editing.

LATE NOTICES

SATURDAY'S LUNCHEON will be a picnic on the west lawn, if the weather co-operate. If it doesn't, go to the dining room.

SEYMOUR EPSTEIN has delivered to the office a copy of his lecture, which many people have requested. Those who want a copy, please sign up on the sheet outside the office door. We'll reproduce copies and you can pick them up in a few days.

If you want copies of other lectures, see the lecturer and persuade him/her to get a copy to us for reproducing.

NEW BOOKSTORE HOURS (slightly):

8:45 am to 12:30 pm

2:00 pm to 5:00 pm

7:15 pm to 7:45 pm

INFORMAL READING: Willing readers and listeners are invited to Barn 2 on Sunday morning at ten o'clock. Bring ten to fifteen minutes' worth of material, any genre. Discussion can follow readings if author wishes.

THE

CARAWAY

Vol. 55, No. 5

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Sat., Aug. 18, 1950

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Event	Who	Subject	When	Where
Lecture	J. Gardner	(fresh Gardner salad)	9:00	Little Theatre
Lecture	H. Hemerov	(not specified)	10:10	Little Theatre
Guest Lecture	J. Naggar	(see below)	11:20	Barn 2
Discussion Groups	Staff		2:00	(same as groups on Thursday)
Panel Discussion	E. McDonald C. Smith	"The Role of Editors"	3:10	Little Theatre
Readings	D. Clifford M. Blumenthal M. Thayer	(non-fiction prose) (poetry) (fiction)	4:15	Little Theatre
Reading	S. Epstein	(fiction)	8:15	Little Theatre

NOTE: Jean Naggar, agent, will tell you everything you want to know about literary agents, in general, and about contracts, in particular, during her lecture today. Later, between three and four o'clock, she will be in the barn lounge to answer your questions on a one-to-one basis.

Fully awakened, she thought fully of Gabe, and she placed her hand over the place where he had kissed her. She caught her underlip between her teeth in a half smile, half moan of remembrance. She let her fingers linger caressingly where he had entered her, and her hips arched upward in anticipation of another such entering. Lord, keep her from becoming what she knew she could become when the craze was on her! Lord, keep out of her eyes that look that transmuted everything into an unspoken, smoldering invitation to bed. I'm an older woman. I have a son. Gabe is a man with responsibilities, with business on his mind. Lord, please help me to measure out what I feel in a sensible way.

from Love Affair
by Seymour Epstein

BLOODLESS PURGE ENDS SCANDAL

All roads in and out of Bread Loaf were closed for two hours yesterday as the Middlebury College secret police conducted a "purge of reactionary, counter-revolutionary" elements within the writers' community. Numerous local "trouble makers" were rounded up and put on a plane for Iowa City. When asked if the action was a response to what has become known as Stanleygate,

(continued from column 1)

Bread Loaf Director Robert Pack looked coolly at this reporter and said, "We have no, as you call them, 'Stanley-gates.' We have only fascist imperialist bloodsuckers." Meanwhile, ultra-rightist Ron Powers, thought to be the organizer of the "open conference" movement, was seen walking eastward toward the mountains and New Hampshire. Tim O'Brien
(continued on page 2)

(continued from page 1)

and others dressed in green tennis shorts were seen tracking Powers, following a trail of Hershey wrappers. When asked of his intentions, O'Brien stated, "I'm going to catch a tory."

GOINGS-ON ABOUT BREAD LOAF

BOOZE RUN NUMBER TWO will take place on Monday afternoon. CASH ONLY: same place (Blue Parlor), same time (immediately after lunch). Distribution will begin at 5:00 at the BYOB cocktail party--see following note.

BYOB COCKTAIL PARTY: Monday at 5:00 by Larch Well (area between the Annex and Larch on the road to the Barn). You BYO; we supply mixers, glasses ("plastics"?) and ice. The first of two; rumored to be more spectacular than the National Book Awards.

ASTAIRE/ROGERS DANCEALIKE DEP'T: Dance in the Barn tonight immediately following the reading. Let loose, let go, let it all hang out--or just come and watch. Plenty of beer and soft drinks available (gratis, of course). Turn off the typewriter, practice the two-step, and polish up your hustle--but PLEASE leave your roller skates at home.

MUSIC FOR A SUMMERS NIGHT: Don't forget the concert by the Point Counter Point Chamber Players tomorrow at 4:15 in the Little Theatre. Bach on rye, Telemann en croute, and a little Schubert to cleanse the palate before dinner.

DON'T WAIT FOR INSPIRATION: Check your mailbox at least once each day. Contributors will be notified of their impending conferences with staff by mail. (Also, in case you hadn't guessed, more than one person is assigned to each mailbox; if you receive a mysterious note from a staff member, and you aren't assigned to his/her froup, and he/she has eyed you with only vague lasciviousness, the note may be for your box-mate.)

HOW TO SWITCH FROM SHORT STORIES TO NOVELS FROM POETRY TO NON-FICTION

If you are now homo-generic, are dissatisfied with--or even embarrassed by--your present literary orientation, and have the burning desire to push into more lucrative genres, YOU NEED THE ALL-NEW WORD PUMP! This amazing device, from Writers' Digestion Corp., enables even the most constipated fiction writer with stagnant little short-shorts to have amazing novel movements. If you're not ready to abandon your present mode but would like to experiment with new modes, simply set the Word Pump's switch mid-way between, say, poetry and short fiction--suddenly you're bi-generic. Or if you're simply not capable of writing poetry, for example, but would like to try on some feminine endings, set the Word Pump to "Transliterary" and soon the world of letters will be at your feet.

The serious writer can't afford to be without the Word Pump. Only \$24.95 fully assembled (batteries not included). GET YOURS TODAY!

As Seen On T.V.

ELEGANT HEAD WAITROID Steven Bauer (and his kitchen full of punk rockers) offer this satyrday advice: Please do not linger in the dining room after meals. After each meal we complete, those buzzing waitroids not only must clear and clean the tables, they must also set out napkins, utensils, and unsullied ashtrays.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN: When making those late long-distance calls to those in the other world, please keep it short. We have only three outside lines and once those are all engaged, we lose our last contacts with.... If you must talk at length, please use one of the pay telephones.

FORGET NOT the First Annual 5-mile Bread Loaf Writers' Cramp Fun Run at 11:00 Sunday morning in front of BIRCH. There will be gifts in undisclosed categories. Everyone is invited but if you want to run, see Marvin Bell.

SLOWER BUT FARTHER: Anyone interested in hiking up Bread Loaf Mountain on Sunday, please meet outside the dining room at 9:00 tomorrow morn., ready to go. You'll probably be back by 4 p.m.

ANYONE interested in chatting about kids' books, please gather today in the Blue Parlor.

LATE BUT IMPORTANT: You've gotten out of hand. The demand for copies of the lectures has outstripped our greatest expectations. Therefore, all sign-up sheets are null and void and thrown away. Post-B.L. we will send you a list of available lectures and their costs (only enough to cover our costs of reproducing them for you); you will return the list with your indicated desires and payment; we'll mail. This does not pertain to pictures. (When signing up for pix, indicate of whom.)

REMEMBER: Biographers et al will meet in Blue Parlor today at 11:45. Bring questions on research.

WANTED: Information on John Fowles's writings on process of writing. Please contact Tom Ezzy, P.O. Box 2310.

THE GLEANER

Vol. 55, No. 6

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Sun., Aug. 17, 1980

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Event	Who	Subject	When	Where
Panel Discussion	W. Goodman F. Faulkner E. Hansen	Reporting & Research	2:00	Little Theatre
Reading	M. Arlen	(non-fiction prose)	3:10	Little Theatre
Concert	Point Counter Point Chamber Players		4:15	Little Theatre
Reading	R. Pack	(poetry)	3:15	Little Theatre

Ever since I began this journey to Armenia, my father's presence had hovered near me, by no means always approvingly. I had seen his face in dreams and in museums, and had come to find that natural. He was my father. I felt a presence--no, more than that, an invocation--of fathers everywhere around me. What had Sarkis said that afternoon, almost in pain? "Your father was an Armenian. You must respect him." It lingered in my mind. Fathers and sons. Phrases echoed in my head: "My father had committed no crime." And "We were innocent, we were helpless."

A picture began to form of yet other fathers and other sons. I thought of all the Armenian fathers who had been drafted into the Turkish Army in that year of 1914: men who were fathers, in dun-colored uniforms, shipped away from their towns and later killed; fathers sent to prison or else massacred along a roadside. How many Armenian children had seen their fathers killed? Or--worse, perhaps--had watched their mothers and sisters brutalized to death, or close to death, in their fathers' absence? In that one traumatic period, how many Armenian sons had felt betrayed by their fathers' absence--for what do children comprehend of reasons and explanations, what does a child understand in his soul of a father's nonappearance in a time of need?

from Passage to Ararat
by Michael Arlen

LOVE

It's not that I usually try for much
The first time with a girl, and though
She was attractive, nice breasts especially,
Full but with a good lilt to them,
Still it wasn't as if I was smitten
Or really out of control. So when I eased my hand
On that fine left breast and she seemed
To like it and slipped me a look that might mean
Uncertainty or confusion or you-belong-to-me-now,
I figured what-the-hell and started unbuttoning her.
But when my hand wiggled inside, I found
A rabbit. "Keep it," she said, quite openly I thought,
Nor teary or wistful as if to indicate
That's-far-enough. So I coolly fingered back (was she
Putting me on?), but it was a book I found this time--
One, as a matter of fact, that I hadn't read.

(continued on page 2)

"Thank you," I said, and I wasn't merely
 Being polite; after all, what can you say
 To a girl? Another try: This time I found
 A necktie. At first I guessed she might be
 Criticizing my taste, but no--it was my style
 And quite expensive. My birthday's not till June;
 Consider, what could I feel but gratitude?
 And is man ever able to hold himself back
 When a good thing comes his way? I was getting
 Excited, and in I plunged again: a potted plant,
 A wallet, a pair of gloves, theater tickets, binoculars,
 Another tie, another rabbit, more books, and then--
 A breast! My god, did I do something wrong?
 Is she getting tired of me?

from Home from the Cemetery
 by Robert Pack

GOINGS ON ABOUT BREAD LOAF

GET THE POINT? The Point Counter Point Chamber Players will present a program of Bach, Telemann, and Schubert this afternoon in the Little Theatre at 4:15. The Players, directed by Emory and Diana Fanning, include violinist Hae-Kyoung Kim, recent winner of the Munich International Violin Competition; violinist Elizabeth Jones of Oberlin Conservatory; violist Nancy Tamosaitis and cellist Frances Rowell, both of the Juilliard School of Music; flutists Edward Seymore and Susan Lund; oboist Jim Griesheimer and pianist Emory Fanning, both on the Middlebury music faculty.

WHERE DO YOUR ATHLETIC PASSIONS LIE? The 5-mile run begins at 11:00 this morning; ending times will vary. We are assured of only one criterion for winning a "gift": you must enter; however, this is not a race in the usual sense. Interested? Be in front of Birch at 11:00.

If softball is more your style, bring your gloves, your hands, or whatever other such instruments you use, to the vicinity of the volleyball nets at 11:00 this morn.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC MASS will be offered this morning at 9:00 in the barn. The celebrant has promised that there will be no sermon and no collection. (However, he does have about a dozen poems in Latin vulgate that he would like to read and discuss with those present.)

KEYS TO BETTER WRITING: The noted professional in her own right, V. Bates (a.k.a. Mrs. Re-Bates) will offer a seminar entitled, "Where Writing Really Begins--Iambic, Alliteration and IBM", covering basic skills as Centering Techniques (also useful for the potter), the great korecto-whiteout debate, 3 stacato techniques for p and q, fingering exercises for s and l (romantic and classical approaches), and the language of failure--@#%\$&+!##@. Barn 7 provides the stimulating atmosphere for this seminar. Be there this morning--class begins promptly at 10:10; coffee break at 11:00.

YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD WAITROIDS PRESENT: A one-hour reading of some of the best poetry and fiction baked at Bread Loaf. Tonight at 9:45 in Barn 1; conclusion on Wed. night.

BOOZE RUN REPEAT TOMORROW AFTERNOON: Be in the Blue Parlor immediately after lunch to place your bottle orders. Now that we've given you a demonstration, we're going to test you tomorrow afternoon to see how much you've learned. Remember: CASH ONLY. Another reminder: Distribution will commence at 5:00 at the BYOB cocktail party. NO DISTRIBUTION AFTER DINNER.

BYOB COCKTAIL PARTY TOMORROW EVENING: 5:00 at Larch Well. (Larch Well is not a relative of Blue Argo but rather is that grassy shaded area on the road to the Barn between the Annex and Larch. You bring your booty of bootles; we'll supply everything else, including pop. Another B.L. mini-quiz: If it's raining, go A) to Wuthering Heights; B) to the Lighthouse; C) to a Nightingale; D) to None of the Above. By the way, a certain Bread Loafer amongst us, who goes by the name of Byron, is reputed to be one of the handsomest men around and uses his mouth more wisely than anyone who has graced the campus lawns in many moons. He is guaranteed to be there Monday at the party; catch him if you can.

Do words flow like milk and honey from your typewriter but not your mouth? If so, you're in luck. From the makers of that amazing friend of the writer, the Word Pump, comes LINGUA-LUMPS, a new capsule--entirely digestible, safe as Mom's milk!--that will transform your leaden tongue into quicksilver. Simply lodge a capsule between your teeth and cheek before a cocktail party or a public address. Then, simply bite into the soft capsule and allow the words to flow. Our 3000, 5000, and 7000 series capsules provide you with corresponding vocabulary sizes--guaranteed to use all words at least once in each 3-hour cycle. These remarkable capsules do not stain your teeth or cause bad breath and your most intimate friends won't even notice the slight purple cast to your tongue. Get them in Yankee Quaint, Midwestern Corn, Dixie Drawl, Texas Talk, and now California Cant--reformulated weekly to conform to the Far West's rapid linguistic progress. Now in pharmacies everywhere.

THE CRACK

Vol. 55, No. 7

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Mon. Aug. 18, 1980

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Event	Who	Subject	When	Where
Lecture	S. Elkin		9:00	Little Theatre
Guest Lecture	D. Godine	(see page 2)	10:00	Little Theatre
Lecture	G. Godwin		11:20	Little Theatre
Guest Lecture	P. Gray	"Confessions of a Book Reviewer"	2:00	Little Theatre
Readings	P. Mariana	(poetry)	4:15	Little Theatre
	D. Martin	(fiction)		
	E. Arthur	(fiction)		
Reading	J. Gardner	(fiction)	8:15	Little Theatre

The professor drew his head back outside the curtain now and, whether or not with his son's permission, reached up and snatched the curtain open. The look on the professor's face was like mingled anger, fear, and triumph. There before us, half-turned away, sat a monstrous fat blushing baby of a youth, his monkish robe unbuttoned, his lower parts carefully covered with a blanket. All around him, neatly stacked, lay papers and innumerable books, some closed, some open, arranged about him in a perfect fan. The skin of his face and arms and chest was pink-splotched, shiny. He was as big as some farmer's prize bull at the fair, big as a rhinoceros, a small elephant. I exaggerate grossly, but such was my impression that first instant. The brute effect of encountering him there--suddenly shown forth as the curtain gasped on its old metal rings--was, if anything, greater than my images suggest. His eyes, when he turned to glance at me, just perceptibly nodding, were red-rimmed, huge behind the gold-rimmed glasses; his childish pink lips were drawn back from his teeth in what I recognized only after an instant as a sheepish smile. His expression was pitifully eager, yet at the same time distrustful, alarmed, not unlike his father's when he'd met me at the door. One side of the giant's upper lip was slightly lifted, delicately trembling trembling with what might have been disgust--perhaps disgust aimed at himself. He pretty well knew, no doubt, what a strange sight he was, there in his cell.

from Freddy's Book
by John Gardner

IMPORTANT TO YOUR HAPPINESS AT BREAD LOAF AND IN YOUR AFTERLIFE: Copies of material for discussion in the coming week's workshops will be stacked on the table outside the bookstore on the evening (after dinner) before the workshops. However, because two workshops are scheduled for each time slot, you must decide which, if either, of each pair you will attend. (If you know how to physically occupy two different classrooms at once, let us know.) Therefore, take only the material for the workshop you will attend. Otherwise, we will run out. If you wish to read the material for a workshop you won't be attending, go to the Blue Parlor where five reserve copies will be left. Do not remove reserve copies from the Blue Parlor. God bless us, everyone.

LOST WEEKEND: If you have found after your lost weekend that your supply of spirits has been depleted, come to the Blue Parlor right after lunch this afternoon to sign up and pay up for a fresh supply. As always, CASH ONLY. Distribution will begin at the BYOB cocktail party (Larch Well, Better, Best) at 5:00. The third and last liquor buying junket will be on Wednesday; there will be another BYOB party on Wednesday.

ADAM'S RIB: Tracy and Hepburn on the silver screen tomorrow night after the reading.

BIOGRAPHERS et alii will reconvene in the Blue Parlor at 3:10.

POETS in the Pastan/Orlen/Berger group interested in continuing community come with one or two poems to read in the Blue Parlor today at 2:30.

SCHOLARS' READING: Deb Burnham, Suzanne Doyle, and Eric Trethewey will read poetry tonight at 10:00 in Barn 2 in the prosaic company of the nearly famous Blue Argo. They promise muted sex and violence and not to exceed 45 minutes (in that amount of time the sex and violence would have to be muted --ed.). You'll still have time to tie one on afterwards.

WRITERS interested in pre-teens and young adults, convene at 5:15 in the Blue Parlor. Contact H. Humbert for details.

AGENT NAT SOBEL will be happy to read mss. up to about 25 pages during his visit, but leave your material for him at the office TODAY.

EXCLUSIVES: Monk Larson and Fred Woodhams have announced their intention to establish an association of Bread Loaf participants--the "Exclusives." Explaining its purpose, Larson said, "The vast amorphous array of participants simply begs for organization. Sub-group autonomy is the core of infrastructure." Eligibility for membership is not exacting. All current Bread Loafers are eligible except staff, guest lecturers, fellows, scholars, waitroids, and other podium possessors. The Exclusives is planning its own BYO parties, athletics, and readings. Interested and qualified individuals may attend an informational meeting following Monday's reading at the Barn.

The Board of Directors at Rumor Control claim to have it on good authority that a kidnapping attempt is being threatened for a person or persons hightup in the Pack Administration. Details as they become available to the Crumb news nerve center.

What B.L. desperado has been listed by the San Francisco Chronicle as one of the ten most eligible bachelors in the Bay Area? Little wonder he doesn't want to wait tables.

DAY OF HEAVEN: For those of you wondering what caused Sunday to be different--full of sun and celestial music--from the other days of the past week, we have two possible answers:

a) God, having enjoyed Sy Epstein's reading on Saturday night, decided to show His good will; or

b) Bread Loaf, often thought to be otherworldly, has in fact flipped into an alternate universe where all one need do for physical and spiritual sustenance is exhibit an interest in writing and where the rewards are sunshine, fine music, roast beef and ice cream, gin and tonic, no rejection slips, and getting to rub shoulders with someone famous.

OVERHEARD

Q: Are you going to sign up to see the agent?

A: Honey, I don't need an agent; I need a psychiatrist.

* * *

(jokingly) "Waitroids have the social life at Bread Loaf served to them on a silver platter.

(angrily) "I don't know why they should just take over the Blue Parlor--you know, not everyone here is a waiter."

* * *

Gene Fowler: "Writing is easy; all you do is sit staring at the blank sheet of paper until the drops of blood form on your forehead.

* * *

Schoolteacher from Nash, Kansas: "I used to think Marvin Bell's poetry was marvelous, but this latest book...well, as every schoolboy knows, in 'Stars which see' and 'Stars which do not see' the subordinate clauses are restrictive and so the relative pronouns should be that, not which!"

* * *

LATE BULLETIN: The title of Stanley Elkin's lecture this morning is: "Scatological grist for the mills; or, Thou art what thou ate." (If it works, it works.)

David Godine, president of David Godine Publishers, will speak at 10:10 in the L.T.

Paul Gray, a book reviewer for Time magazine, will speak at 2:00 in the Little Theatre.

THE

CALL

Vol. 55, No. 8

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Tues., Aug. 19, 1980

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Event	Who	Subject	When	Where
Workshop	N. Willard	poetry & children's lit.	9:00	Barn 2
Workshop	T. O'Brien	fiction	9:00	Barn 1
Workshop	S. Epstein	fiction	10:40	Barn 1
Workshop	R. Pack	poetry	10:40	Barn 2
Workshop	M. Arlen	non-fiction	2:00	Barn 2
Workshop	S. Plumly	poetry	2:00	Barn 1
Panel Discussion	R. Jackson S. Lea R. Barrone	little magazines	3:30	Little Theatre
Readings	M. Cox-Chapman S. Tolan P. Baehr J. Mearian	(children's literature) (children's literature) (children's literature) (children's literature)	4:30	Little Theatre
Reading	S. Plumly	(poetry)	8:15	Little Theatre

OUT-OF-THE-BODY TRAVEL

I.

And then he would lift this finest
of furniture to his big left shoulder
and tuck it in and draw the bow
so carefully as to make the music

almost visible on the air. And play
and play until a whole roomful of the sad
relatives mourned. They knew this was
drawing of blood, threading and rethreading

the needle. They saw even in my father's
face how well he understood the pain
he put them to--his raw, red cheek
pressed against the cheek of the wood...

2.

And in one stroke he brings the hammer
down, like mercy, so that the young bull's
legs suddenly fly out from under it...
While in the dream he is the good angel

in Chagall, the great ghost of his body
like light over the town. The violin
sustains him. It is pain remembered.
Either way, I know if I wake up cold,

and go out into the clear spring night,
still dark and precise with stars,
I will feel the wind coming down hard
like his hand, in fever, on my forehead.

from Out-of-the-Body Travel
by Stanley Plumly

SCHEDULE CHANGE: Note that the meeting times and lengths of the workshops are different from those of the past week's lectures. Also note that because two workshops are scheduled for each time, you must plan to attend and take material for only one of each pair--although you are free to attend whichever workshops you wish (not just those of your manuscript reader).

The panel discussion on little magazines will be conducted by Rick Jackson of Poetry Miscellany and by Sydney Lea and Robin Barrone, both of New England Review.

HOLLYWOOD-DOESN'T-DO-IT-THAT-WAY-ANYMORE:
Movie tonight; Adam's Rib after the evening
reading in the Little Theatre. Come watch
Kate's eyes shoot fireworks and Spence
grumble out plenty of zingers in some of
the best verbal dueling ever seen on the
screen.

LIQUOR-LIQUOR-BURNING-BRIGHT DEPARTMENT:
Third and final booze run tomorrow after
lunch. Having been re-programmed for this
procedure, your friendly socialoids will be
waiting in the Blue Parlor to take your
orders and cash. Distribution will begin
at 5:00 at the BYOB cocktail party in
Larch Well.

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE LONESOME LOSER?
Don't be one--come to BYOB cocktails
tomorrow night.

HAVE TIN CANS BEEN PILING UP on the table
in front of you? Crumb correspondents in
our sick-ward bureau report that James
Willard has been taken ill--probably from
nickel poisoning. However, unable to make
his rounds between the veins of aluminum
in these hills, he has not let his entre-
preneurial ability atrophy through the gener-
osity of Molly and Philip Elkin, James now
has use of a radio, which makes him our
nearly sole (exception: Crumb's Ripton
bureau) contact with the outside world,
with NORAD and SAC and the Emergency
Broadcast System. Vicious rumors now under-
way suggest that for a small price, James
has allowed Tim O'Brien to move in, ping
pong table and all. (Speedy recovery wishes
to J.W. and to M.E. and P.E.)

SPEAKING OF TIN: Lizzy Mansfield would
like to know if anyone here is familiar
with the Renault Le Car; if so, do you
own one? do you like it? is it fairly
new? would you be willing to give it to
her? (Try to sign over title before end
of conference.)

PETER HORNOSTLE is giving a reading of
his pleadings in Parnell v Moore-McCormack
Line, Inc., et al., in the Blue Room
tomorrow at 4:00 a.m.

BAGGYWRINKLE (not to be confused with
Rumpled Still Skin), that delightful fable
by Mally Cox-Chapman (runner-up to Jill
Knox-Dick as having the name most likely
to be mentioned in a suggestive context in
the Crumb), is now out of stock, but a
paperback copy is available for your in-
spection at the bookstore. You can order
one which Mally will send you directly
from her own magically inexhaustible supply
of the book. Furthermore, there will be
some sort of sale this Thursday, Friday,
and Saturday, but it is as yet unclear
what, how much, who, why, or exactly whom-
ever. Details forthcoming in the Crumb or
on the bookstore door.

WOULD ANYONE WITH A DARTMOUTH CONNECTION
please mention it to Stanley Bates (obvi-
ously the Pack Administration is about
to cut its losses).

BLUE BUICK SKYLARK--VERMONT PLATES:
Some laundry and other personal posses-
sions were misplaced on Sunday after-
noon in a Buick Skylark. These items
should be returned to the office or the
front desk.

ARE ALL RULES MADE TO BE BROKEN? Don't
be silly, but contrary to Crumb policy,
the following was submitted by, and
accepted of, singer-composer-poet-
teachâr-button collector Oliver Stevens:

Higgledy-piggledy,
Such virtuosity!
Samples of poetry
Spill from his sack!
Double-dactyls at
Hyper-velocity
Prove there's a joker hid
Deep in the Pack!

DUE TO THE FREQUENT CONFUSION OF THE TWO
and due to Ron Powers' frenzied rehearsal
of his provocative interviewing tech-
nique, Eligible Bachelor Ron Hansen will
be in the bookstore this afternoon
between one and six o'clock to autograph
Powers' book Face Value. (Some con-
fusion seems to have arisen over the
Sunday dining-room interview of David
Martin; some people apparently thought
that Powers stood before all of us and
imitated Howard Cosell. Only illusion,
we can now report. One would never
have known it due to his self-effacement
but actually Michael Arlen performed
the entire interview--questions and
answers--himself.)

OVERHEARD

(man to woman) "Actually, you're one of
the women around here that's fun to look
at."

THE

Vol. 55, No. 9

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Wed., Aug. 20, 1980

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Event	Who	Subject	When	Where
Workshop	L. Pastan	poetry	9:00	Barn 1
Workshop	J. Gardner	fiction	9:00	Little Theatre
Workshop	S. Elkin	fiction	10:40	Barn 2
Workshop	H. Nemerov	poetry	10:40	Barn 1
Workshop	M. Bell	poetry	2:00	Barn 2
Workshop	G. Godwin	fiction	2:00	Barn 1
Guest Lecture	N. Sobel	(see below)	3:30	Barn 1
Readings	M. Southwick	(poetry)	4:30	Little Theatre
	D. Bain	(non-fiction prose)		
	S. Berger	(poetry)		
Reading	N. Willard	(poetry)	8:15	Little Theatre

JUNO LUCINA

By moonlight I see
the anger of shoes,
their laces clenched into knots.

I take the shoes in my lap.
I loosen their tongues.
I take both sides

of the quarrel:
left strand,
right strand.

"When you were born," says my mother,
"the midwife untied
shoes, curtains,

everything."
Nevertheless, I came
with the cord round my neck,

tied like a dog
to my mother's darkness.
The goddess found me.

Her left hand carried the moon,
her right hand lay open like a flower,
empty. Feet first, I followed.

The midwife knocked
breath into me
and knotted that cord for good.

Hush, said the goddess.
Your mother's calling.
You can make it alone now.

--Nancy Willard

DIRECTIVES: Those of you who have foolishly tried to maintain contact with the other world, pay for your newspaper subscriptions NOW.
No packages will be accepted for mailing after Thursday, so get them in NOW (the longer you keep those mss., the longer the public must wait to read them in print).
No personal checks will be cashed by the front office after today; but your traveller's checks are always good: don't leave Bread Loaf with 'em.
Fill out the departure slip on the opposite side and leave it at the office today.

GOINGS-ON ABOUT BREAD LOAF

LAST OF THE BIG SPENDERS: Ze finale Runne Liqueur will be today after ze lunch. Comme sign uppe in ze Parlor Bleu; CACHE ON LIT. We will be zere to take your ordures. Pique zem uppe at 5:00 at ze BYOB coq-taille parti at le Larch Well (mieux, meilleur).

MADAM, I'M ADAM: If you were able ere you saw Bread Loaf but are afraid you'll never look the same in the mirror again, come to the 2nd BYO cocktail party tonight at 5:00 and see yourself in every face you encounter. Glasses, ice, and mixers will be available. PLEASE REMEMBER YOUR BOTTLES; the demise of all orphaned liquor this time will be the spout of a funnel placed squarely and securely against the entrance to Steve Bauer's esophagus.

SPLENDOR ON THE GRASS: Cocktail Party Friday at 5:00 on Treman lawn. NOT a BYOB; the Conference invites you. One of your last chances to partake of Bread Loaf's potables and quotables; come say witty things and twinkle in the afternoon sun. Sartorial preferences will be the order of the evening; Bergdorf's to Bean's, Army-Navy to Fiorucci. Julia Child and Craig Claiborne are being flown up to prepare the hors d'oeuvres. Byron will be there with his date on his arm. Barn if---we won't even discuss it.

CONTRIBUTORS, PARTICIPANTS, WAITROIDS, EXCLUSIVES, NON-EXCLUSIVES, AND OTHERS will display and sell their books on Thursday from 2:00 to 4:30 in Barn 1. Those with books (etc.) to sell or display should bring them to Barn 1 just before lunch on Thursday (say between 12:30 and 1:00).

SOON-TO-BE-FAMOUS BETSY SACHS, lady librarian, directs: All library materials should be returned by Friday the 22nd.

Conference members are free to take the sample copies of literary magazines as of Saturday the 23rd.

JUST LIKE ALWAYS--except it isn't: this is special. The Crumb is happy to join the chorus of congratulations for Betsy Sachs who yesterday learned that her first book, Just Like Always, has been accepted by Atheneum for publication in the fall of 1981. Who is sure to remember Bread Loaf 1980?

TEAR OFF AND TURN IN TO FRONT DESK**TEAR OFF**TEAR OFF AND TURN IN TO FRONT DESK !!!

The Conference ends Sunday. (You must vacate your room by 11:00 am.) We must know who is going to leave early and when. Transportation off the mountain can be provided if we know now who will need it. Fill out this form and return it to Dick Ross.

Name _____

Departure Date _____

Departure Time _____

Will you need transportation? _____

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

We all know that many people who write were actually intended by God to do other things, to follow other roads--and that has made all the difference. The Crumb staff has investigated this phenomenon and through both astrological and phrenological studies and intensive observation of some Bread Loafers, we have determined their intended roles in life:

Ron Powers: Bouncer in a San Francisco

North Beach topless-bottomless bar

Bob Houston: Gambler on Mississippi River boat

Jack Bridgman: Blacksmith

Judy Moffet: Elementary school dietitian

David Hadas: Rabi

Pamela Hadas: Liza Minelli

Steve Orlen: Sound technician for a rock band

Don Axinn: Chief of Staff at Memorial Hospital on TV's "As the World Turns"

John Gardner: Vintner (because the wine remembers)

Mally Cox-Chapman: Pre-school teacher

Nancy Willard: Coach for women's field hockey team

Michael Arlen: White House chauffeur

Tim O'Brien: The boy that wants to date your daughter

Ron Hansen: The boy you want your daughter to date

Stanley Elkin: Owner of a delicatessen

Stanley Plumly: Warren Beatty's role in the movie "Shampoo"

Stanley Bates: Troop commander of Boy Scouts of America

Carol Knauss: Counsellor at home for un-wed mothers

Linda Pastan: Madam Pastani, palmist

Marvin Bell: Professional soccer player

Hilma Wolitzer: Head nurse in a maternity ward

Gail Godwin: Headmistress of girls' school in Sussex

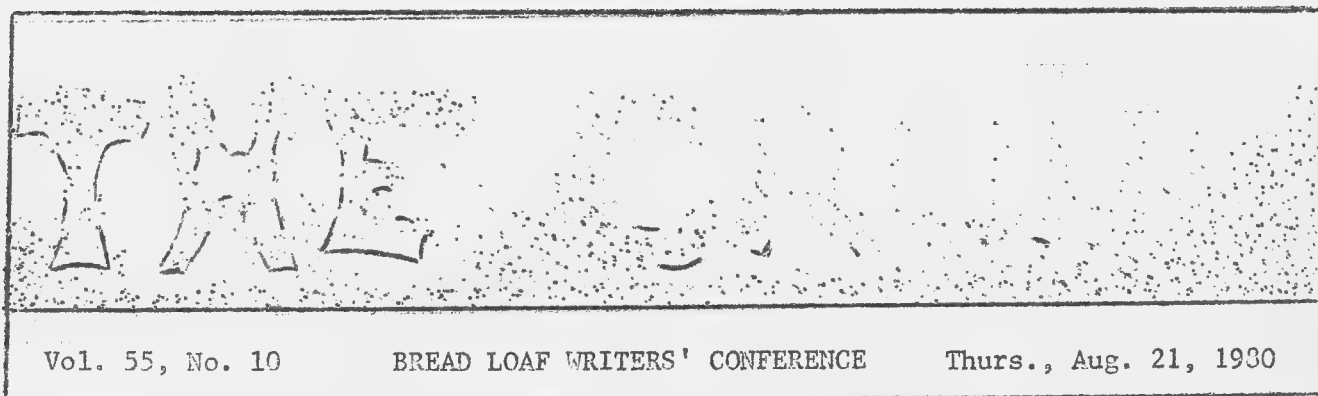
Virginia Bates: Daughter-in-law

Bob Pack: Real estate broker for undeveloped land in Florida

Howard Nemerov: Methodist minister in West Virginia

Seymour Epstein: Gynecologist

Steve Bauer: Permanent headwaiter at Bread Loaf Writers' Conference



Vol. 55, No. 10

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Thurs., Aug. 21, 1930

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Event	Who	Subject	When	Where
Workshop	S. Plumly	poetry	9:00	Barn 2
Workshop	T. O'Brien	fiction	9:00	Barn 1
Workshop	H. Wollitzer	fiction	10:40	Barn 2
Workshop	R. Pack	poetry	10:40	Barn 1
Panel Discussion	H. Wollitzer N. Willard M. Cox-Chapman	Writing for Children	2:00	Little Theatre
Readings	R. Powers R. Hansen	(non-fiction prose) (fiction)	4:30	Little Theatre
Reading	H. Nemerov	(poetry)	8:15	Little Theatre

SCHEDULE CHANGE: The panel on dramatic writing, originally scheduled for 2:00 today has been cancelled. Bart Tensch of the Yale Drama School was not able to visit us.

THE WESTERN APPROACHES

As long as we look forward, all seems free,
Uncertain, subject to the Laws of Chance,
Though strange that chance should lie subject to laws,
But looking back on life it is as if
Our Book of Changes never let us change.

Stories already told a time ago
Were waiting for us down the road, our lives
But filled them out; and dreams about the past
Show us the world is post meridian
With little future left to dream about.

Old stories none but scholars seem to tell
Among us any more, they hide the ways,
Old tales less comprehensible than life
Whence nonetheless we know the things we do
And do the things they say the fathers did.

When I was young I flew past Skerryvore
Where the Nine Maidens still grind Hamlet's meal,
The salt and granite grain of bitter earth,
But knew it not for twenty years and more.
My chances past their changes now, I know

How a long life grows ghostly towards the close
As any man dissolves in Everyman
Of whom the story, as it always did, begins
In a far country, once upon a time,
There lived a certain man and he had three sons . . .

--Howard Nemerov

COCKTAIL PARTY FRIDAY EVE., DOO-DA, DOO-DA: 5:00 tomorrow on Treman lawn. Come recoup, rebutt, reaffirm, and relax before you re-enter, readjust, and relapse. Your socialibilities crew, better known as the Magnificent six--even better known as the Six Mental Dwarfs (we threw bashful down Larch Well) will be on hand to ply you with drinks (soft and hard) and a smorgasbord of unforgettable edibles. Wear diapers, wear a tuxedo; Doc, Sneezy, Sleepy, Dopey, Grumpy, and Smiley will be waiting to help you unlock your tongue and loosen your inhibitions. If the rain comes, party will be in Le Barnne.

IN PRINT, IN DEMAND, AND NOW IN THE BOOK-STORE, In the Flesh by Hilma Wolitzer is now available.

LIKE NEVER BEFORE, Just Like Always will be discussed and read from by its author, the verging-on-being-famous Betsy Sachs: Mark it on your calendar for 3:30 Saturday afternoon in the library.

FICTION SCHOLARS will read from their work this evening at about 9:45 (or about half an hour after the end of Howard Nemerov's reading) this evening in Barn 1.

AN OPEN READING for contributors and auditors will be held this evening after Howard Nemerov's reading. All are invited to participate--even musicians. (There will be a five-minute limit on all readings.) Place: lobby of the Inn. See Monk Larson or Fred Woodhaus for further details and for placement on the program.

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF: If you expect to ever get that 8 x 10 glossy of yourself and your comrades, congregate in front of the Inn at 1:40 today. Remember, your public awaits.

POETS IN THE BLACK FLAG ICE ONLY SOCIETY will meet in the Blue Parlor today at 3:00 (Bring frozen bug spray.)

LOST: Seventeen dark brown corduroy blazers at Treman. Even if you find only one of them, please return it to Arlene Biggs.

PENDING EXCLUSIVE: Earlier this week the Crumb reported that un-named thugs were plotting to kidnap a high Pack Administration official. Such has not taken place. The Crumb would like to point out that the Conference (and the Crumb) will end in two and a half days. If you're going to do it, you'd better step on it. Otherwise, we won't be able to cover the story. (If you can't decide whom to kidnap, may we suggest Lizzie Mansfield, who is a generally sympathetic character and would make a better story than, say, Stanley Bates, about whom no one much cares anyway. Let's face it, Stan doesn't bring in subscriptions or advertising.) This story, once it occurs, will be brought to you because the public has a right to know.

YOU CAN BE A WINNER TODAY!!!

Contests and the spirit of competition are part of the Bread Loaf tradition. Time is running out on B.L. 1980 and so far we haven't had a single contest. To rectify that situation, we provide below a few contests that you will undoubtedly wish to participate in and win. Submit your entries to Crumb, Box 2422.

Supply-the-Antecedent Contest

Prize: Bouquet of goldenrod

The following sentence was overheard by the Crumb editor (swear to God) on the Inn porch Tuesday evening; one woman spoke to the other: "Well, at least it's big and won't make us nauseous."

What does it refer to? Supply the antecedent for the pronoun and win big!

* * *

Color-Me-Blue Contest

Prize: Tour of Blue Ridge Mountains

What, specifically, was Mrs. Argo thinking of when she named her daughter?

* * *

Slit-Wrist Contest

Prize: Gillette Trac-Two

Name the date, hour, and place of Socialist Ben Reynolds' next suicide attempt.

* * *

CHECK-OUT TIME: Please note that all rooms must be vacated by 11:00 Sunday morning (exceptions: those 165 of you who have registered for the de-toxification program scheduled to begin Sunday evening).

BY THE END OF THE CONFERENCE, the average Bread Loafer will have consumed 36 meals, 71 cups of coffee, 12 cups of juice, and enough food to feed the entire population of Ham Rat El Wiz, Sudan, for an entire day. All at the hands of your smiling, courteous, brave, clean, and reverent waitroids--with the exception, of course, of one embarrassing evening this week when the enterprise was undertaken by a mob of amateurs (slowly). And don't forget the floor shows: the glitter, the bright lights, the percussion instruments, the classy choreography and novel costuming. So don't forget the tip box either. It is an unassuming foil-covered box next to the dining room entrance. We accept personal checks, travellers' checks, cashier's checks, money orders, your first-born son--even cash (and remember it isn't worth what it used to be). No Canadian coins please

OVERHEARD (woman to man with car): "If you give me a ride into town, I'll give your manuscript a nice close reading."

BUMPER STICKER: "Honk if you read poetry."

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Event	Who	Subject	When	Where
Workshop	M. Arlen	non-fiction	9:00	Barn 2
Workshop	M. Bell	poetry	9:00	Barn 1
Workshop	L. Pastan	poetry	10:40	Barn 2
Workshop	S. Elkin	fiction	10:40	Barn 1
Workshop	S. Epstein	fiction	2:00	Barn 1
Workshop	N. Willard	poetry & children's lit.	2:00	Barn 2
Readings	J. Moffett B. Houston M. Cox-Chapman	(poetry) (fiction) (fiction)	3:30	Little Theatre
Reading	H. Wolitzer	(fiction)	8:15	Little Theatre

Dear Howard,

Here's what's happened to me. I've turned into the kind of person who writes letters she doesn't intend to mail. Do you remember I told you my mother used to do that? She called it getting it off her chest. She wrote plenty of them to my father, of course, digging up ancient grievances like arrowheads, reminding him of sacrifices mad and promises not kept. Her sacrifices, his promises. She wrote to cousins who had insulted her at a wedding twenty years before, and to her dead mother-in-law, who left everything of value to my father's sisters, even though he had contributed the most to her support....

I think word has gotten out about my new status, whatever it is. Is there an underground newspaper for flashers? Headline: PAULETTE F. HAS BEEN LEFT FLAT BY HER HUSBAND. GIVE HER A COUPLE OF QUICK LOOKS TO CHEER HER UP. Two on the subway in one week. One in the library the other day. I swear it. He laid himself on the shelf, a poor little bookworm, between Dostoevsky and Dreiser, probably hoping someone would reach in without looking.

The super finally sent his oldest son up to fix that faucet I told him about two months ago. When the kid left he pressed my left nipple as if he was ringing a doorbell. Earl, from the market, was here too, and I think he was willing to give me a tumble, even before I could check out the order. Would he still have expected his tip....

I just wanted you to know that I'm not sitting around waiting. I'm looking for a part-time job. I'm thinking of going back to school. And there are plenty of men in this world. Così fan tutte, kiddo.

Confession: When you came for the children last Sunday, I looked through the window. When I saw you cutting across 103th just like old times, I wanted to drop a water bomb on your head. On Valentine's Day, I wanted to send you a dripping calf's heart.

What do you want me to do with all that junk you've left here? This isn't a warehouse.

Paulie

from In the Flesh
by Hilma Wolitzer



THE BOOKSTORE IS OPEN AND WELL AND SELLING the accumulated masterpieces of our resident authorial voices at 20% off regular price. The sale will continue until 5:00 Saturday evening. Note that no personal checks are now being accepted and you should come braced for a crowd. Don't forget that Joe and Susan are Joe and Susan--not robots, computers, magicians, or sell-you-loids. They will ring up sales, dig up pencils, put up with the same questions a dozen times, but they can't re-order books (there isn't time), give you the library's copy, or persuade the author to give you his leather-bound copy.

Hours Today 3:45 - 12:30
& Sat 2:00 - 5:00

LET US GO THEN, YOU AND I...Perle Mesta considers it a must: Cocktail Soiree tonight at 5:00 on Treman Lawn. Last chance for some tintillating Breadspeak; everyoid is invited. Sartorial preferences the order of the evening: come as you are or come as you would be. Your favorite socialoids, the Xix Mental Dwarfs, will be there in their splendiferous disguises. N.B., bring your beleaguered taste buds--Sleepy and Smiley have had their fingers in the food for two days creating appetizers to write home about. Storm, barn (Barnstorm?)

FROM THE HEART OF BREADLOAFIAN, A FAREWELL TO BARN: Beer and soft drinks and dancing in the Barn tomorrow night after the evening reading. In the inimitable Bread Loafian tradition, we're preparing for a repeat of last Saturday night's fever. Bring your blue suede shoes, your spats, or your cowboy boots, but above all bring your stamina. Address books and a few Kleenex for the predictably sentimental also suggested.

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YOU MAY
And fashion them into a splendid bouquet...
So it continues; the gist: why not carry, wear, or walk some flowers to the big banquet Saturday night. Questions? See Judith Lelchhook.

NO JOKE: There will be an informal gathering of D.C.-area ex-Bread Loafers on Friday, October 3rd at the home of Deborah Insel in Bethesda, "so we can keep the spirit alive." BYOB, of course. Don't forget; put it on your calendar. Address questions about this while at B.L. to Mary Gallagher; later to 493-6021.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: In the spirit of the imitative fallacy, Earthworm Manor will, from now on, be known as Night Crawler Manor. (Just when do you sleep?)

OVERHEARD (Famous Member of the Staff):
"If they do that stuff with our switching roles with the waitroids again next year, I'm going to get a ghost-waiter to do mine for me.

YES, a Bread Loaf address list will be handed out at dinner tonight. If you leave before then, sign up for a copy on the sheet by the secretary's office door. If you are staying but will miss tonight's dinner, pick up a copy in the office tomorrow.

BIG BUX AT BREAD LOAF!!!

Word has reached your Crumb correspondent of a pending deal which will involve Joseph E. Levine, dynamic movie mogul. Levine is rumored to be contemplating the simultaneous purchase of film rights to Marvin Bell's Stars Which See, Stars Which Do Not See, Linda Pastan's A Perfect Circle of the Sun, and Stanley Plumly's Out-of-the-Body Travel for a massive three-part space epic--his answer to Star Wars. Starring roles are possible for Ron Hansen as Luke California and Blue Argo as Princess Larchwell. Steve Orlen would play the part of the pilot Hands Only. Local celeb Peter Hornbostle may be slated for a Chewbacca-type role. Levine says that many waitroids, already qualified as space cadets, may be cast in supporting roles. No decision has yet been made on the role of the ancient warrior, carrier of the traditions (and a host of social diseases), Yoyo, but rumor narrows the choice to Robert Pack or John Gardner.

THE CRUMB EDITOR HAS BEEN ASSAULTED BY A poem in which the following rhymes occur: sweater-get her; blizzard-gizzard, and another-mother. The cause of this assault someone secreted Robin Hansen's sweater. Please return it to her quickly. Future assaults may be more vicious.

ATTENTION KIDDY-LITTERERS: Margery Cuyler editor of Holiday House, a NYC children's book publisher, is particularly interested in young adult novels in which religion is a major source of conflict (e.g., religious background vs. social-sexual pressures). Also of interest: Society for Children's Book Writers, P.O.Box 296, Los Angeles, Ca. 90066. This national organization offers a newsletter and annual writers' conference. (You can write Wendy Lamb c/o Books for Young Readers, Delacorte Press, 245 East 47th Street, New York 10017.) Questions? Contact C. Quilty care of Crumb.

Thursday evening's kidnapping of three Pack Administration officials was democratically determined by the assembled masses to be "not a story" due to its lack of plot and movement away from Freytag's Pyramid. "Basically a victim story," John Gardner offered. Stanley Bates was overheard to say, "The joke would have been better if it had been funny."

THE CELESTIAL OMNIBUS delivered the following directive from God on Friday morn.: Henceforward, the heirarchy at Bread Loaf is changed. No more staff, assistants, fellows, scholars, waitroids, contributors auditors, and the rest. From now on, I'm the Big Enchilada and the rest of you are mere lumps in the guacamole. That's falling from grace.

Vol. 55, No. 12

BREAD LOAF

CONFERENCE

Sat., Aug. 23, 19 0

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Event	Who	Subject	When	Where
Workshop	G. Godwin	fiction	9:00	Barn 2
Workshop	H. Nemerov	poetry	9:00	Barn 1
Workshop	H. Wollitzer	fiction	10:40	Barn 2
Panel Discussion	Staff	Getting Started	2:00	Little Theatre
Workshop	J. Gardner	fiction	3:30	Barn 1
Reading	T. O'Brien	(fiction)	8:15	Little Theatre

After the war, perhaps, he might return to Quang Ngai. Years and years afterward. Return to track down the girl with gold hoops through her ears. Bring along an interpreter. And then, with the war ended, history decided, he would explain to her why he had let himself go to war. Not because of strong convictions, but because he didn't know. He didn't know who was right, or what was right; he didn't know if it was a war of self-determination or self-destruction, outright aggression or national liberation; he didn't know which speeches to believe, which books, which politicians; he didn't know if nations would topple like cominoes or stand separate like trees; he didn't know who really started the war, or why, or when, or with what motives; he didn't know if it mattered; he saw sense in both sides of the debate, but he did not know where truth lay; he didn't know if Communist tyranny would prove worse in the long run than the tyrannies of Ky or Thieu or Khanh—he simply didn't know. And who did? Who really did? He couldn't make up his mind. Oh, he had read the newspapers and magazines. He wasn't stupid. He wasn't uninformed. He just didn't know if the war was right or wrong. And who did? Who really knew? So he went to the war for reasons beyond knowledge. Because he believed in law, and law told him to go. Because it was expected. Because not to go was to risk censure, and to bring embarrassment on his father and his town. Because, not knowing, he saw no reason to distrust those with more experience. Because he loved his country, and, more than that, because he trusted it. Yes, he did. Oh, he would rather have fought with his father in France, knowing certain things certainly, but he couldn't choose his war, nobody could. Was this so banal? Was this so unprofound and stupid? He would look the little girl with gold earrings straight in the eye. He would tell her these things. He would ask her to see the matter his way. What would she have done? What would anyone have done, not knowing?

from Going After Cacciato
by Tim O'Brien



LAST TANGO IN BREAD LOAF (DANCING CHEEK-TO-CHEEK DEPT.): Retreat to the Barn tonight after the evening reading. The choice of cheeks is yours; Perle Mesta and the Pumpers will be there with the beer and soda. Be there!

...FOR YOUR DINING ENTERTAINMENT, dinner tonight will be a gala banquet; Steven Bauer and his skits-oids will be serving authentic food. Don't miss the feast.

BECAUSE SOME OF YOU HAVE ASKED HOW MUCH and why and when and other questions concerning the leaving of tips for your local waitroids, the Crumb offers the following guide: What kind of tip would you leave on \$160? Ten percent? Fifteen or twenty? Room and board for the two weeks is \$160, of which fifteen percent is \$24. That is, of course, for both room and board and may not seem like an appropriate amount. We do suggest that you leave what you do feel to be appropriate for the quality of service you received. Remember that our staff of waitroids is composed entirely of Conference participants whose fees are partly paid by these working scholarships; the remainder of their fees are paid by themselves. They receive no other wages. Tips for waitroids should be dropped in the foil-covered box near the dining room door. Tips for the housekeepers who changed your sheets and towels and made up your beds should be left (with your room number attached) at the front desk. To those of you who have already been generous, thank you. Now, get ready for the big show tonight!

SCHEDULE CHANGE: Note that John Gardner's workshop has been re-scheduled for 3:30 this afternoon--contrary to your original conference schedules.

THIS MEANS YOU: Remember you can have the literary magazines in the library. Also, all books must be returned to the library by 5:00 this afternoon.

TO HELP YOU REVIEW FOR THE FINAL EXAM, scheduled for 6:30 this evening, we will provide a special weekend supplement to the Crumb at lunch today. Don't forget to pick one up.

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THE NUMBER ONE CRUMB (the issue, not the editor) was filled with bureaucratic addenda; in an effort to be consistent, the next-to-last edition is also addendaish.

Lectures: Many of you have requested copies. Carol will do an all-conference mailing next month, telling you which lectures are available; you send your request with a payment (per lecture) and Carol will send it by return mail. The charge will be indicated. Don't expect to get this immediately!

Pictures: If you want a staff or fellow or scholar or waitroid picture, sign up on the sheet on the office door. Three dollars per picture. (No stamps.) Payable in advance.

1981: You will receive a copy of next year's bulletin (in February) if you keep us informed of address changes. Please note: application forms are not included in the bulletin. If you want one, write us for it.

Rummage Sale: Every year we have a great one after the Conference because every year many Bread Loafers leave behind an astonishing quantity of clothing. Check your rooms one more time!

Keeping in Touch: Do write to us. After you have decompressed, send us your thoughts and reactions to the Conference. And when you publish that first book, let us know about it!

The Beginning of the End: Goodbyes are always difficult among friends; thank you for being our friends. I wish you all a safe journey home and hope another year will see you return to Bread Loaf.

Carol

NON-FICTION FACTION: The last get-together will be gotten together in the Blue Parlor tonight at 5:30. Wine is provided, but you can bring your own if you can't get it together without the stronger stuff.

MORE CRUMB TO COME

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

Event	Who	Subject	When	Where
Welcome and Introduction	J. Beam, M.D.	"How to Return to the Sobering World Out There"	9:00	Little Theatre
Lecture	J. Walker, Ph.D.	"You and Your Liver"	10:40	Earn 1
Lecture	V. Johnson	"Admitting to Yourself and Your Spouse...."	2:00	Barn 1
Group Encounter Session	Staff	"You Aren't the Only One, You Know!"	3:30	Little Theatre
Panel Discussion	Bread Loafers of Past Years	"Confessions of Closet Bread Loafers"	4:30	Little Theatre
Coctails	(mandatory attendance by all staff)	"Hair of the Dog That's Been Gnawing at You for Two Weeks"	5:30	Barn
Reading	J. Bryan	(inspirational literature)	8:15	Little Theatre
Nightcap	Everyone	"Easing That Transition"	9:15	Across the Land

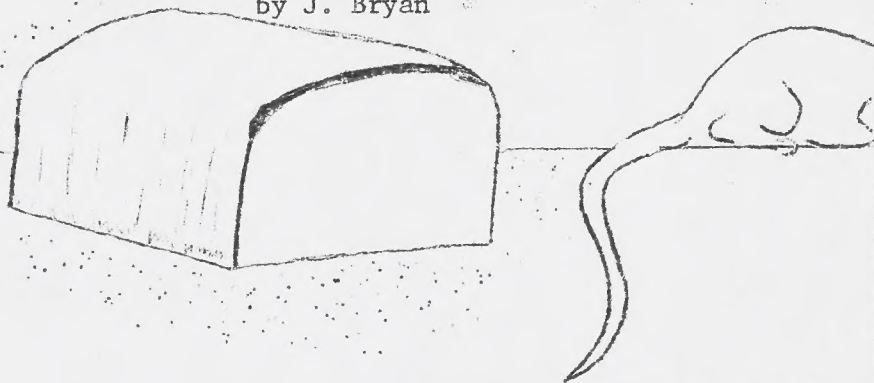
I stood on the platform before the Inn, my suitcase beside me, my hands stuffed deeply into my pockets, my London Fog jacket thrown casually over my shoulder, a Camel clinging to my lip.

I knew going back wouldn't be easy. I had just been through what those kids of the sixties called a trip, a mind-blower. And though I wasn't part of their generation, I knew what their words meant. Oh, yes, I knew. The intensity of the experience cast everything else into vague shadows and the prospect of losing all that had cast me into a terrific distemper.

And what would the other world be like? I tried to imagine it--wasn't sure I knew: darkly I recalled the most mundane aspects of what I had foolishly termed life before coming to the Mountain: employment, television, home-cooked meals, solitary Friday martinis, commuting, the dog and cat. Was that what I had to look forward to in the next year--until my return to the Mountain? Yes. That was all.

I looked across to the wooded forest on the opposite mountain. The painter's pallet had begun to assume its natural variety. In another month the mountain would be alive with the sound of color (I had learned about synesthesia here too!). I took the flask out of one pocket, a wad of manuscripts out of another. I took a quick strong slug of the burning stuff, read a poem, and then tossed all of it into the trash barrel. "So long, you guys," I said. "Till next year, I'm on my own."

from From Bread Loaf to the Afterlife
by J. Bryan



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORDS PUZZLE IN SATURDAY SUPPLEMENT

Down

1. Prose
2. Sherman (Betsy, a Socialoid)
3. Sachs (Betsy, the librarian)
4. Wolitzer
5. Pack
6. Bell
7. Treman
8. Fiction
9. Byron (Bridgman, the dog)
10. Bauer (Steven, Head Waitroid)
11. Powers (Ron, writing about the baseball team, the New York Gnats)
12. Hansen (Ron, writing about James & his death)
13. Godwin (Gail and wind attached to God)
14. Arlen (Michael, author of Thirty Seconds)
15. Mansfield (Lizzy, stuck with her big jeep)
16. Barn (where else?)
17. Gray (Paul of Time)
18. Argo (Blue, need more be said?)
19. Epstein (Seymour, author of Love Affair)
20. Bridgman (Byron, Bonnie, and Jack)
21. Poetry
22. Guarneschelli (Maria, ed. with Morris)

Across

1. Earthworm (Manor)
2. Lamb (Wendy)
3. Annex (no hissing)
4. Plumly (Stanley)
5. Pastan (Linda)
6. Cherry (Hall)
7. Juvenile
8. O'Brien (creator of Paul Berlin)
9. Bread Loaf
10. Orlen (so we stretched a little)
11. Houston (Bob)
12. Cox-Chapman, (Mally, author of Baggywrinkle)
13. Sobel (Nat, agent from NY)
14. Biography
15. Moffett (Judy)
16. Naggar (Jean--only a reference to her name, not her lovely self)
17. Gardner (John, author of October Light and other plotted stories)
18. Elkin (Stanley)
19. Knauss (Carol)
20. Bates (Stanley, the philosopher)
21. Willard (Nancy, author of Carpenter of the Sun)
22. Crumb (us!)
23. Maple (Hall)
24. Inn (Bread Loaf)

The Crumb this year was fun. Much of that fun was provided by some bright wits: (especially by) Betsy Sherman; (also by) Virginia and Stanley Bates, Deb Burnham, Suzanne Doyle, Blue Argo, Susan Thornton, Betsy Sachs, Jack Bridgman, Bruce Porell, Lizzy Mansfield, Carol Knauss, and Maggie Risk; and, as always, by others whose names and influence may be temporarily obscured by the last late night. Finally, I acknowledge the rest of the Bread Loaf populace who wittingly (by running up and catching me by the collar) or unwittingly (by simply being overheard) provided amusing observations about this place and ourselves and helped us to keep from becoming too deadly serious about our often serious work. My thanks to all.

John Bryan
Chief Crumb